

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

OLIVER JOHNSON, EDITOR.

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WHOLE NO. 210.

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Selections.

From the Liberator.

Wendell Phillips to James Haughton of Dublin.

Boston, August 20, 1849.

JAMES HAUGHTON, Esq., Dublin:
Dear Sir—You will have heard, before this reaches you, of Father Mathew's decision to be silent, while in this country, on the subject of slavery. The Abolitionists have learned it with deep regret. Being all of us, with hardly an exception, teetotalers, minutely acquainted with and deeply interested in Father Mathew's labors, grateful for the noble protest he sent here against slavery in 1842, and for the welcome he has given to American Abolitionists abroad—accustomed ourselves to give a fair proportion of our efforts to the temperance cause, we hoped for a cordial sympathy from the great teetotaler.

We did not expect, and you will observe we did not ask, Father Mathew to take any prominent part, or give any great amount of time to the Anti-Slavery enterprise. We recognized, with the rest of the world, the peculiar sphere which Providence seems to have marked out for him, and approved, as well as admired, his profound devotion to this one idea.

But no one, much less no one upon whom the eyes of millions are fixed, can be so exclusively a teetotaler, or any thing else, that his opinions on other points will not be known, and his influence counted on. All we asked of Father Mathew was, that he would embrace every suitable opportunity to bear a clear and unequivocal testimony, both in public and private, against the enslavement of any portion of the human family; and again, with no wish or design to divert him from his great mission, we trusted that he would occasionally find an opportunity to admonish his countrymen to be true to liberty.

Must a traveler do nothing but utter? If he may be excused from this; then, surely, the man who, on landing, had alluded, in every speech, in glowing terms, to the "free institutions" of the soil he trod—and promised to carry back a faithful picture of the "workings of our admirable moral, social, industrial and educational establishments"—who could discuss, with his American admirers, his relations with the British Government as a pensioner, &c., &c., might, we thought, find time, in some of his thousand speeches, for now and then, a word worthy of a Christian man, as to those bloody laws which doom every sixth person in this land to worse than death—on that "sin against God and man," of whose "horror," "degradation," "oppression," and "withering curse," he had spoken to the Irish here, eloquently, in 1842.

We ventured, it is true, to ask his presence, if he had time to spare, at a celebration of the great British Act of Emancipation in 1834; deeming that to be an occasion of such universal interest, that a foreigner, and especially an Irishman, might share in it.

Father Mathew replies that he shall not "commit himself" to this subject while in America. Perhaps we ought to have expected as much from one who, years ago, declared that he "would rather the temperance cause were lost, than that Catholic order should be injured." But we hoped better things. One thing we must praise—the prudent Father's frankness. He was no Jesuit then. He fairly confesses that, in his opinion, no one, however world-wide his reputation, can be of use in America, unless he consents to be gagged on the subject of slavery; and he contentedly puts the gag on—A poor compliment, to be sure, to the land he visits, to say, "Your freedom is no nominal, that no man, however fenced about by good deeds and the world's love, can be allowed to speak his mind." But such is Father Mathew's declaration, in substance; and many of our papers endorse and applaud him.

Perhaps you will say, I judge him too harshly—that he sees the country divided into two parties on this question, and chooses to side with neither. Remember, then, that the question is human bondage, "worse than murder," according to Coleridge—"the sum of all villainies," according to Wesley; that on its side are many millions—against it, a few thousands. A Christian sword would leap from its scabbard in such a cause; and lips which God had touched could not forbear speaking. "On slavery," said Father Mathew himself in 1842, "no one can be neutral. He who is not against it is for it." This excuse, therefore, does not avail.

Our opponents have sometimes charged us, you will remember, with exaggerating the influence of the slave system, and the servile corruption of public opinion on the subject. Judge, now, which party is right. Father Mathew, a world's wonder, almost sainted in

the love of his contemporaries, must keep silence on this dreadful subject, if he would retain his influence! How heavy, then, do you judge the burden must rest on mere common men! If he cannot be allowed to speak, who can! Like the maiden in Spencer, the philanthropy of his mission had tamed into admiring silence, religious bigotry, national antipathy, and the bickering of party. There was one dragon whom no life of saint-like devotion could appease; and Father Mathew veils his crest to the slave power of America, in order to retain his influence!

It is, I think, a fatal mistake. He who in this way seeks to save his influence shall lose it. Americans knew Father Mathew to be an anti-slavery man, and expected him to be himself every where. They may profit by the treason, but, as in all other cases, will despise the traitor.

What has he gained? He has lost the confidence of reformers. Every Northern Douglass sees the great Teetotaler belittled to his own level. Is that a gain? Would a frank expression of his opinion on this subject, "occasionally" (as we asked,) have injured him with the Irish? Of course, he could never expect to have much influence with slaveholders themselves. Indeed, few native-born Americans dream of taking the pledge at his hands; and a slaveholding teetotaler finds no true description but the trite one in Butler—compounding

—for sin he is inclined to,
By damning those he has no mind to.

An anti-slavery teetotal saint promising silence on slavery, that he may win such—how far is he from the kingdom of the same condemnation! What, then, has he gained? A noisy reception, wherever he goes, from wine drinkers—civic feasts from the old foes of the temperance cause—the hurrahs of the newspapers! And thus he sells—

—the wide scope of his large hours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus!

True, this glitter has its effect upon the ignorant class he addresses; but to injure the slave with one hand, as much as he helps the Irish laborer with the other, is but a poor claim to a world's gratitude. It was the boast of O'Connell, that he would never set foot on O'Connell's soil, while it was polluted with slavery. Father Mathew not only visits us, but consents to go padlocked that he may be fettered!

The Reverend gentleman undertakes both his own importance and the servile worship we gladly pay to rank. When Lord Morpeth was in South Carolina, he commented freely on slavery. His teetotaling hearers, remembering "the blood of all the Howards," ate their meals in silence. Had Father Mathew, we should have recognized him as "nobles by the right of an earlier creation," and submitted still more respectfully to his rebuke.

You will observe, also, that he has gone too far in his submission, even for our latitude. All the papers which criticize this matter presume that the interview must be misrepresented! No attempt, however, worthy of notice, has been made to impeach the accuracy of Mr. Garrison's account, and the recent interview of Mr. Rogers with Father Mathew fully confirms it. But you will observe that, taking it for accurate, even our papers cannot defend it. If so, why hasten to presume that he did not say what he is stated to have said? The Reverend Father has got so humbly upon his knees before the slave power, that even our editors, who are "native here, and to the manner born," cannot get low enough to be level with him!

Each man chooses, according to his taste and ability, the particular sphere to which he will devote himself; but, above and beyond that choice, we owe each other our countenance, the expression of our opinion and testimony, whenever that expression will relieve suffering, or correct wrong. How else shall proud majorities be stayed? Ireland looks for aid to the public opinion of Christendom, given her incidentally by those immersed in their own cares and struggles. That is the fulcrum on which she rests her effort against the cruel indifference of British people. Slavery is in the same condition. Laws and oceans interposed, cannot break the brotherhood of the race; and Father Mathew owes the slave this testimony, in obedience to that faith which both profess, which bids the strong help the weak. He has no right to sell his silence on slavery, that, with thirty pieces of silver, he may swell the treasury of Irish teetotalism. Silence from such a visitor is most significant support; and no purpose, however holy, can justify a visit to our shores at the price of such a compromise.

We are aware that the eyes of the world are fixed on Father Mathew, and that whoever censures his course has the world for a jury. But we cheerfully abide its verdict on the issue between us. A Christian minister, confessing that he can innocently stand face to face with the sinner, and promise not to rebuke him! A Catholic submitting the spiritual to the civil power, in that he allows human laws to excuse him from delivering his divine message. "Do as you would be done by"—Open thy mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction. An abolitionist, coming to a land where humanity wages her battle against such fearful odds—to remain not neutral, but by marked silence, in such circumstances, give comfort to the foes of truth—throw discredit on the slave's friends—and lull into false security the half-awakening conscience of the oppressor! A man, gathering into his hand more influence than any other of the age can boast, and cowering before a guilty people, instead of rebuking them in the majesty of his God-given power!

We deny the right of any man, especially one of commanding influence, to be silent on one question, that he may enhance his weight on others. We do not allow a foreign birth to absolve any one, whose position gives him influence here, from speaking in behalf of the American slave. If there be anything in the character of the Temperance cause to break down national distinctions, and allow interna-

tional influence, there is tenfold as much in the Anti-Slavery agitation. The slave, a man, denied education, robbed of the Bible, of his wife, his children, of himself—hopelessly imbruted—woman doomed almost of necessity to licentiousness—marriage annihilated—what stands between the servant of Jesus Christ and such a picture to bar him from rebuking the wretch who creates it? A law! If the slaveholder made laws, as he drinks wine, of his own free will, the prudent Father would feel at liberty to deal with him! But he has made prostitution lawful—made murder lawful—made the selling of his own children at auction lawful—and so the true apostolic successor of Peter and Paul is discarded, and cries out, "We ought to obey man, rather than God!" "No law can sanction slavery," said O'Connell. What murder is on the pirate ship, that precisely is slavery, on the American soil. Every lover of justice, every Christian, is free, and is bound to denounce it. A Christian minister hailing a pirate ship, and promising to say nothing against their occupation, if they would let him offer them the pledge, would be a fit type of a teetotaler bound to silence on slavery to advance teetotalism. We consider free speech no favor granted us by man, but a right, the gift of God, and abjure the policy of yielding any portion of it to save the rest.

We hold the truth which God shows us as no playing, or counter with which to traffic; but to be uttered all of it, in due time, and especially before those whom it concerns.

We hold it to be the first mark of goodness, and the highest privilege of greatness, to speak what you think; and especially, in times when words are deeds, and mighty to work wonders. Painful indeed would it be to a sincere abolitionist, if God condemned him to go up and down this land, drying up the sources of Intemperance, and forbade him, full of power as he was, to lift his little finger for the relief of that hideous bondage he was daily doomed to witness. On all these points, at issue between ourselves and Father Mathew, we shall cheerfully abide the verdict of the world and posterity.

According to Father Mathew, while Ireland is starving, all the world not British born must keep silence on the cruel mistakes of Government which have ruined her; and any Great Britain may be innocently still, if, so doing, he can husband his influence for the peace of the anti-state church cause! Was it indeed so, when he saw the iron fetters on the souls of his countrymen? Did he not summon the world to her rescue? The American slave, a hungry, with none to give him bread,—african, with none to give him drink,—sick and in prison, with none to visit him,—asks of the great Irishman the bread of his testimony; asks that he will not allow his potent name to be added to the list of those who justly silence, in any circumstances, on such a sin.

Father Mathew thanks us, Americans, that we have given the world the doctrine of total abstinence. He would fitly return the favor by holding to our lips the bitter cup of anti-slavery.

God says to this nation "let my people go,"—but Father Mathew is so very proper a priest that God's message must be counter-signed by the national authorities, before he will consent to deliver it—unless, indeed, it be to a people, like the Irish, who do not hold slaves, and will not feel offended.

Father Mathew is so enthusiastic a teetotaler meanwhile, that a man may sell his own children at auction unblamed, if he will but do so sober! Father Mathew is so patriotic, that he will sacrifice a whole race, to make Irishmen temperate!

Father Mathew is such a protestant, such a stickler for the right of private judgment on this question, that he can use nothing specific in the Scriptures against slavery, though successive Popes infallible have denounced it as unchristian and a sin!

Still in 1842, Father Mathew could exhort his poor, uneducated countrymen, to exert "all their influence" against slavery—when for them to speak was to sacrifice their daily bread. Now, being here, his single word, worth all the influence of all the emigrants who ever landed, and to be spoken at no cost—Father Mathew means to do nothing at all in the premises.

We might suspect him to be a Jesuit, holding that the end justified the means—that, as lies were allowable in mother church's cause, so winking at slavery might be for temperance sake. But then, how Xavier would have laughed at a Catholic Christian allowing human laws, or national lines, to stop the mouth of his rebuke! And so he cannot be a Jesuit, but is simply Father Mathew Americanized! Whether for better or worse, Ireland will determine.

Every Irishman, the victim of centuries of oppression, would, we should suppose, sympathize with the oppressed; and when we have seen it otherwise, in the emigrants that crowd our shores, we have attributed it to ignorance and degradation. But Father Mathew, "the bright consummate flower" of our Isle, seems to seal up the lesson, and show our unhappy race side by side with the Saxon, the Protestant, the Puritan, the Quaker and Baptist, all races and all sects, who have ever failed to learn, in the school of their own persecution, sympathy for the persecuted.

But we shall never despair of Ireland while we remember the tried fidelity of O'Connell. He never sacrificed the West Indian or African slave even to Ireland.

Fowell Buxton told me, and O'Connell himself has somewhere repeated the story, that when he first went into the House of Commons, the West India party, then strong enough to carry or defeat any measure, offered him support on his Irish questions, if he would absolve himself from anti-slavery meetings. His answer was, "Come liberty, come slavery to myself, I will never countenance slavery at home or abroad. I will take my part at Anti-Slavery meetings; and though it should be a blow against Ireland, it is a blow in favor of the slave. What will strike that blow?" Again, when the Re-

pealers here threatened to withdraw their contributions, unless he would cease denouncing American slaveholders—what was his reply? Let them blame me—let me be excused by them—let them support me wherever you are! Come freedom, come oppression to Ireland, let Ireland be as she may, I have my conscience clear before my God! Come good or evil, I am the enemy of slavery in every form. And on another occasion—"I enter into no compromise with slavery."

A different tone this, from the "non-committal" of Ireland's living idol! Spite of the proverb, I think the dead lion the better of the two.

When Howard was dining with the French Ambassador at Vienna, I descended in strong terms the prisoners of Austria.

"Hush," said Sir Robert Keith, "your words will be reported to the Emperor."

"What!" exclaimed the model Englishman, "shall this tongue of mine be tied from speaking truth by any King or Emperor in the world? I repeat what I asserted!"

God grant the world another Howard, and may he visit these States!

Yours, truly,
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

The Free Soilers and the Democrats.

The Free Soil Party has arrived at one of those critical periods of political existence, which are the climacterics of party. It remains to be seen whether it has strength of constitution enough to pass through it with unbroken stamina. Young parties like young children have to encounter a certain routine of infinite diseases, which are thought to be beneficial to those whose constitutions are sufficiently robust to bear up under them, but which are very apt to carry off the pony and ill-conditioned. Thus the Anti-Masonic Party waxed in favor and stature for several years, and promised to grow up to a towering youth; but it was seized with the contagious effluvia of Democracy which soon carried it off, and it left not even a name behind. The third Political Party, too, a rickety and scraggy abortion from its birth, fell an easy victim to the Barmy-burn epidemic which prevailed last year, grateful for being so easily put out of its pain, which had long made its life a burden to it. And now the general law of political infancy comes to be applied to the Free Soil Party—and its friends and neighbors, to say nothing of its enemies, are watching its symptoms anxiously to judge whether the incipient Democracy will be too much for it at this time, or whether it will survive this turn and toddle about a little longer, until a more violent access devours it up. For, unluckily, the diseases of political infancy, unlike those of individual infancy do not exempt the patient from a second attack.

The protracted existence of a Third Party in this country is a moral and political impossibility. A reasonable hope of political success is the life-blood, the breath of the nostrils, of a political party. Deprived of this, it can have but a diseased and spasmodic activity, not springing from an exuberance of life, but from an occasional and temporary excitement. The good impulse, to which it often owes its being, can only carry it through its very earliest stage of existence. It grows weaker and weaker with the lapse of time, and soon loses its motive power, if not renewed by the magic of success, or, at least, of hope. In the end, a third party must either dwindle away through the discouragement or desertion of its numbers, or gravitate to one or the other of the great forces of the political world, according to their relative degrees of attraction. The Free Soil Party is at this moment trembling towards the Democratic point. In many respects their affinities are identical, and could a union be effected, the Coalition party would, unquestionably, have the control of the politics of the Northern States where it existed in good faith. But there are disturbing influences which are at work on both sides to prevent a cordial understanding, an entire cord—between the treating powers. The mutual fear of being overreached in the bargain, the hungering after the flesh-pots of office which the Democratic Israel will remember to have been enjoyed in the Egypt of a Southern Alliance, and the apprehensions of the Free Soilers that the little they ask for will be conjured away from them in the haggard-mugger of political intrigue, must make the union of the parties difficult where it is in supposition, and dubious where it has been imperfectly effected.

The misfortune of the Free Soil Party is that it has no ground to stand upon. There is no such thing as an inch of Free Soil from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the St. Lawrence to whatever may be for the moment the flying frontier of the Model Republic. For even if it were foundation enough for a party to try and make the newly-stolen territories merely the hunting-ground and not the immediate domain of Slavery, that foundation has vanished from under them. For slaves are already in California, and more doubtless on their way thither, and even supposing the possibility of the Wilnot proviso passing both houses, and supposing further the impossibility of President Taylor's sanctioning it, it would be but mere *brutum fulmen*, of no effect as long as the labor of slaves was wanted there. There is not power enough in the general government, even if there were the wish, which there is not, to hinder the Slaveholders from going whither they will and carrying their household gods along with them. The protestations of hostility to the extension of Slavery thrown out by the masses of Northern Whigs and Democrats, are mere sprats to catch gudgeons; as hollow as their professions of belief that Slavery cannot exist in the new territories. That this is the opinion of the Free Soil Party is shown by the fact of its continued existence. Did the Free Soilers actually believe these assertions, they would have nothing to do but to repent and return to the house of their Whig and Democratic Fathers. What would be the probability, then, of any such

policy being carried out, if it should be adopted as a sop to the Northern Cerberus? Just as great as that the People of Massachusetts will carry out the *ad captandum* resolutions of their legislature passed any time for the last ten years. The Free Soil Party now stands, we apprehend, about where the Liberty Party stood before its euthanasia. That is, it professes to attack Slavery wherever it can be reached, constitutionally wherever it can be reached, and it is a great one, in that the former the respectable and honorable members of it give it a tone and character. And yet, such is their insensate folly, that they permit their leading organ to be branded in the back with the name of Emancipator, and have gone out of their way to make the Rev. Joshua Leavitt one of the Committee to call their State Convention in Massachusetts, although that gentleman is now an inhabitant of New York! We have a high respect for the gentlemen who compose the leadership of the Free Soil Party, but we fear from these specimens of their philosophy, as well as from their bungling of Mr. Palfrey's election, that they lack the wisdom that is profitable to direct a political movement. Their character is their main stock in trade, and they seem foolishly, not to say criminally, careless in their investment of it. We think they would do well to admit some shrewd business bred Democrats into the partnership who could teach them how to manage their affairs. If they do not know enough, as the proverb hath it, "to go in when it rains," we think it would be advisable for them, considering how hard a shower is like to set in, to have an umbrella over their heads. But, seriously, we must forever think, if they do not make use of their present opportunity to stir up the heels of the Whigs that they are past praying for. Their damnation is sure. We know, to be sure, that they can do nothing effectual should they get the control of the government by taking at the flood the present tide in their affairs, as long as they persist in wearing a millstone around their necks as a life-preserver, but they will never believe this until they have tried it, and the sooner they go through the experiment the better the chance of their profiting by their experience.

There are but two consistent political movements now on foot in this country. One is that of Mr. Gerrit Smith and his followers, who hold the Constitution to be an Anti-Slavery instrument, and are trying to get into power for the purpose of inconspicuously abolishing Slavery in all the States by the paramount power of Congress. These gentlemen are perfectly consistent; and if they can but succeed in opening the eyes of the still-necked and perverse generation by their verbal logic and dialectic hair-splitting, and convince them that nobody has understood the fundamental law, not even the framers of it, until they were providentially reined up to expound it, and then if they can but prevail on a majority of the Nation to join with them in their philanthropic purpose, we shall no doubt witness a great deliverance,—provided always, the Slaveholding States are obliging enough to remain and be operated upon. The other consistent party is the Garrisonian Disunionists, who accepting the adjunction made of the Constitution to be the Law of the Land, refuse to be bound by it or to swear to support it, and, standing outside of it, try to destroy it, or to persuade the North to withdraw its allegiance to it. These parties are neither of them numerically powerful; but there is a wide difference between their moral force. A small political party, however honest, which proposes to effect its ends by political machinery, is essentially absurd, because extreme dissent of the means to ends is a natural element of the ridiculous. To see a handful of honest gentlemen struggling to raise one another to office for the sake of doing what no other sane man believes they have the right or the power of doing must be allowed to be a rather comic spectacle. But there is no disproportion between moral means and ends however distant or however vast.

An honest Protestant, who stands in a position unmistakably disinterested, possesses a power which is greater because it has no elements by which to calculate its extent. It is a natural law, and not a miracle, that one shall shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. For instance, Garrison and the obscure handful he gathered around him at the commencement of the Anti-Slavery movement created a greater panic at the South and a stronger disturbance at the North than the whole Free Soil Party last year, with an Ex-president at its head, an ex-governor, and ex-senators by the dozen at its tail. Our Belshazzars trembled and their knees smote together, in the presence of the Daniel who expounded the handwriting upon their walls, rather than at the thundering of the Medes and Persians at the gates of their Babylon. The sagacious Slaveholders foresaw the Free Soil Party and whatever other shapes the Anti-Slavery spirit thus evoked would take, though darkly and as in a glass, and they therefore insisted on the extermination of the Wizard and his crew. The same power is still exerted by them only in a vastly greater degree and over a vastly wider field. Whether the Free Soilers are wise enough to throw away their chance of incorporation with the Democrats or improve it, we shall still try and make them and the rest of the nation as uncomfortable as we can. The Agitation shall be kept up as long as we have breath and strength, until the political battery is brought into the right position. There is another plan of political action as yet untried, and which, though not the right one, would be more effectual than any of them, of which we will speak at another time.—W. Q.

Real estate at San Francisco was enormously high. The Parker House rents for 10,000 a year; single rooms were renting for \$18,000.

The Progress of Principle.

The patriot or philanthropist who can remember the state of this country, in relation to slavery, fourteen years since, and compare it with the present state, has reason to thank God and take courage. Let us, for a moment go back to those days of darkness.—The whole country was in complete subjection to Southern slavery. In other words, the slave power had the absolute control of North and South. It was a perfect despotism, of the most fearful and odious kind.—The slave despots said, in those days, to issue their paper bulls to their subjects at the North—"you must stop those debates on slavery"—"you must stop those incendiary publications"—and when they were weakly told, "our laws will not permit us to stop the freedom of debate, or the freedom of the press," they took upon themselves the responsibility. Reason was scouted, "Our swords are our arguments," said the late Mr. Plowden, then editor of the Richmond Whig. Poor man! his "argument" was fatally turned against him. He learned, too late, that "he that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword."

The servile Postmasters suffered the independent papers of the North to be plundered and burnt. None were allowed, under any circumstances, to circulate South of Mason and Dixon's line. Northern men traveling South were subjected to "unreasonable searches and seizures," and personal violence. In the meantime, our Northern hotels were crowded with Southern emissaries; and the "debates," which Northern laws would not stop, were tried by Southern Lynch. Mob was the order of the day. Debate was smothered in our national Congress. The right of petition was trampled down.

How is it now? Debate is free, public as well as private. Our newspapers are permitted to be sent in the mail. The right of petition is restored. Gagism is done away. Douglasses are despised, even in New Hampshire. What else?

A glorious reaction is begun. "The war is carried into the enemy's territory." A truth-telling, outspoken, fearless anti-slavery newspaper is established in the city of Washington. And instead of stopping the freedom of debate on the subject of slavery, at the North, it is openly tolerated at the South. Yes, the expediency of abolishing slavery is the subject of all others the most interesting, at this moment, in some of the slave States. And to crown all, some of the leading slaveholders—say, the most eminent, influential, long-remembered statesmen among them, Benton and Clay, are taking the lead in this glorious work! They may not yet come quite up to our standard, but they are "in the line of safe precedents." They are progressing. "Revolutions never go backward."—Boston Rep.

FREE SOIL AND ABOLITION.—THE DIFFERENCE.—A correspondent of the National Era thus distinguishes Abolitionists and Free Soilers:

A Free Soiler is one who is willing not to disturb the institution of slavery in the States, but is opposed to its extension, and wishes the ordinance of 1787, in regard to acquired territory, to become the settled policy of the government; and, being principled against the institution, will go for abolition wherever it can be constitutionally effected. The Abolitionists are for immediate emancipation, contending that neither constitution nor laws can convert human beings into property; that natural rights are inherent, appertaining equally to all, and, therefore, that no portion of the community, arrogating to themselves superior privileges or excellencies, can, by compact, deprive others of their liberty.

SLAVEHOLDING INGRATITUDE.—Mr. Calhoun seems to receive small thanks from his fellow slaveholders for his devotion to their cause.

The Southern Democrat, published at Athens, Georgia, a very prominent and decided Democratic paper, says at the close of a reply to a Whig paper which had asserted that Mr. Calhoun had whipped the late administration over Mr. Benton's shoulders—

"Why, does not the Chronicle percelen that neither party can make any thing out of Mr. Calhoun! Let him rest. The fate of Ishmael is his. His hand is against every man, and every man's hand shall be against him."

Similar comments on Mr. Calhoun's present position, are made in many other southern journals. In fact, he appears to have no cordial support any where out of South Carolina.

KIDNAPPING.—A colored man named Albert, who ran away from his owner, in Cecil county, Md., about four years ago, was kidnapped in Chester county, Pa., on the 22d inst. He was taken to Baltimore, and lodged in Wilson's slave prison. A Quaker gentleman named George Martin, who had employed Albert during his absence from slavery, went into Maryland, with a view to obtain the man's release by some means, was arrested at the instance of the slave dealers, and suit instituted against him for \$1,000, for the services of the slave for four years, which suit he was held to answer at the next term of court. How long will such outrages be tolerated!

A NEW MOVEMENT FOR ABOLITION.—Former slaveholders turned Abolitionists.—The Jamaica papers contain accounts of a large meeting of the planters and prominent citizens of that island, held at Port Maria, on the 29th of June, to promote the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade throughout the world. Thorough anti-slavery resolutions were adopted, and speeches made by planters, clergymen, and others, and the universal sentiment of the meeting was that "in the words of one of the speakers" "slavery is a bloody crime,—it is the scourge of man, denounced by God, and must be ended by all good men," and that they would labor for "nothing less than the extinction of the slave-trade and the extirpation of slavery throughout the earth."